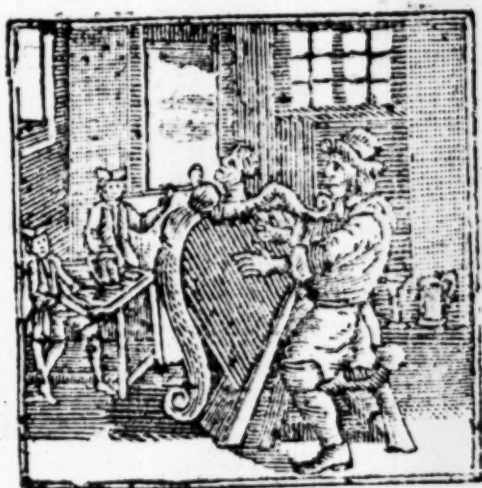


THE  
Unhappy HUNTING  
OF

*Cherry-Chase.*

Between Earl Douglas  
of Scotland and Earl  
*Piercy of England.*



BELFAST:

Printed by *James Magee*, 1773.

*The Unhappy Hunting of Chevy-Chase.*

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
 our lives and safeties all.  
 A woeful hunting once there did  
 in Chevy-Chase befall.  
 To drive the deer with hound and horn  
 Earl Percy took his way,  
 The child may rue that is unborn  
 the hunting of that day.  
 The stout Earl of Northumberland  
 a vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods,  
 three summer days to take.  
 The choicest harts in Chevy-Chase,  
 to kill and bear away;  
 These tidings to Earl Douglass came,  
 in Scotland where he lay.  
 Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
 he would prevent his sport,  
 The English Earl not fearing this,  
 did to the woods resort;  
 With twenty hundred bow-men bold,  
 all chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of need,  
 to aim their shafts aright.  
 The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
 to chase the fallow deer,  
 On monday they began to hunt,  
 when day light did appear;  
 And long before high noon they had  
 a hundred fat bucks slain,  
 Then having din'd the drovers went  
 to rouse them up again.  
 The bow-men mutter'd on the hills,  
 well able to endure,  
 Their back-sides all with special care  
 that day was guarded sure

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the wood,  
 the nimble deer to take,  
 And with their cries the hills and dales  
 an echo shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,  
 to view the tender deer.

Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised  
 this day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,  
 no longer would I stay,

With that a brave young gentleman,  
 thus to the Earl did say.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
 his men in armour bright,

Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,  
 all marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,  
 fast by the river Tweed,

Then cease your sport Earl Piercy said,  
 and take your bows with speed.

And now with me my country men  
 your courage forth advance,

For never was there champion yet,  
 in Scotland or in France;

That ever did on horseback come,  
 but if my hap it were.

I durst encounter man for man,  
 with him to break a spear.

Lord Douglas on a ilk white steed,  
 most like a Baron bold,

Rode foremost of the company,  
 whose armour shone like gold;

Show me said he, whose men you be,  
 that hunt so boldly here,

That without my consent do chase,  
 and kill my fallow deer?

The man that first did answer make,  
 was noble Piercy, he,  
 Who said, we list not to declare,  
 nor shew whose men we be,  
 Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
 the choicest Harts to slay,  
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
 and thus in rage did say,  
 E'er thus I will out-braved be,  
 one of us too shall die,  
 I know thee well an Earl thou art,  
 Lord Piercy, so am I;  
 But trust me Piercy pity 'twere,  
 and great offence to kill  
 Any of these our harmless men,  
 for they have done no ill.  
 Let thou and I the battle try,  
 and set our men aside,  
 Accurst be he Lord Piercy said,  
 by whom this is deny'd;  
 Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,  
 Witherington was his name,  
 Who said, I would not have it told,  
 to Henry our king for shame:  
 That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
 and I stood looking on,  
 You be two Lords said Witherington,  
 and I a 'squire alone;  
 I'll do the best that do I may,  
 while I have power to stand,  
 While I have power to wield my sword,  
 I'll fight with heart and hand.  
 Our Scottish archers bent their bows  
 their hearts were good and true,  
 At the first flight of arrows sent,  
 fourscore English they slew;

To drive the deer with bound and horn,  
 Earl Douglas had the bent,  
 A captain mov'd with mickle pride,  
 the spears to shivers went.  
 They clos'd full salt on every side,  
 no sickness there was found,  
 And many a gallant gentleman,  
 lay gasping on the ground ;  
 O Christ! it was great grief to see,  
 and likewise for to hear,  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 and scatter'd here and there.  
 At last these two stout Lords did meet,  
 like captains of great might,  
 Like Lions mov'd they laid on loads,  
 and made a cruel fight ;  
 They fought until they both did sweat,  
 with swords of temper'd steel,  
 Until the blood like drops of rain,  
 they trickling down did feel.  
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said,  
 in faith I will thee bring,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,  
 by James our Scottish king,  
 Thy ransom I will freely give,  
 and thus report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous knight,  
 that ever I did see.  
 No Douglas, quoth Earl Piercy then  
 thy proffer I do scorn,  
 I will not yield to any Scot,  
 that ever yet was born.  
 With that there came an arrow keen,  
 out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
 a deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these  
 fight on my merry men all,  
 For why my life is at an end,  
 Lord Piercy sees my fall;  
 Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took,  
 the dead man by the hand  
 And said Earl Douglas for thy life  
 would I have lost my land.  
 O Christ! my very heart doth bleed,  
 with sorrow for thy sake,  
 For were a more renowned knight,  
 such mischance ne'er did take;  
 A knight among the Scots there was  
 which saw Earl Douglas die,  
 And in his wrath did vow revenge  
 upon the Earl Piercy.  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
 who with a spear most bright;  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 ran fiercely thro' the fight;  
 And pass'd the English archers all,  
 without all dread or fear,  
 And thro' Earl Piercy's body then  
 he thrust his hateful spear.  
 With such a vehement force and might,  
 his body he did gore,  
 The spear went thro' the other side,  
 a large cloth yard and more;  
 So thus did both these nobles die,  
 whose courage none could stain,  
 An English archer then perceiv'd,  
 the noble Lord was slain.  
 He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 made of a trusty tree,  
 An arrow of a cloth yard long  
 up to the head drew he;

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
 To right his shaft he set,  
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart's blood was wet.  
 This fight did last from break of day  
 'till setting of the sun.  
 For when the evening bell was rung,  
 The battle scarce was done,  
 With the Lord Piercy there was slain  
 Sir John of Ogerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff and sir John,  
 Sir James that bold baron.  
 And with sir George and good sir James,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount;  
 For Witherington needs must I weel,  
 As one in doleful dumps  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon the stumps.  
 And with Earl Douglas there was slain,  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery.  
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field,  
 One foot would never fly.  
 Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,  
 His sisters son was he,  
 Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,  
 Yet could not saved be  
 And the Lord Markwell in likewise,  
 Did with Earl Douglas die,  
 Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears,  
 Went home but fifty three:  
 Of twenty hundred English men,  
 Scarce fifty five did flee,  
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase,  
 Under the green-wood tree.



Next day did many widows come,  
 their husbands to bewail,  
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
 but all could not prevail;  
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood  
 they bore with them away,  
 They kil'd them dead a thousand times,  
 when they were clad in clay.  
 This news was brought to Edinburgh  
 where Scotland's king did reign,  
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly,  
 was with an arrow slain;  
 Now God be with him said the king,  
 sith 'twill no better be,  
 I trust I have within my realm  
 five hundred as good as he.  
 Like tidings to king Henry came,  
 within as short a space,  
 That Piercy of Northumberland,  
 was slain in Chevy-Chase,  
 O heavy news king Henry laid,  
 England can witness be  
 I have not any captain more,  
 of such account as he.  
 Now for the rest of small account,  
 did many hundreds die,  
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase  
 made by the Earl Piercy;  
 God save the king and blest the land,  
 with plenty joy and peace,  
 And grant henceforth that foul debates,  
 'twixt noble-men may cease.

10 JA 67

F I N I S.



are,

es,

Chafe

d,

ates,